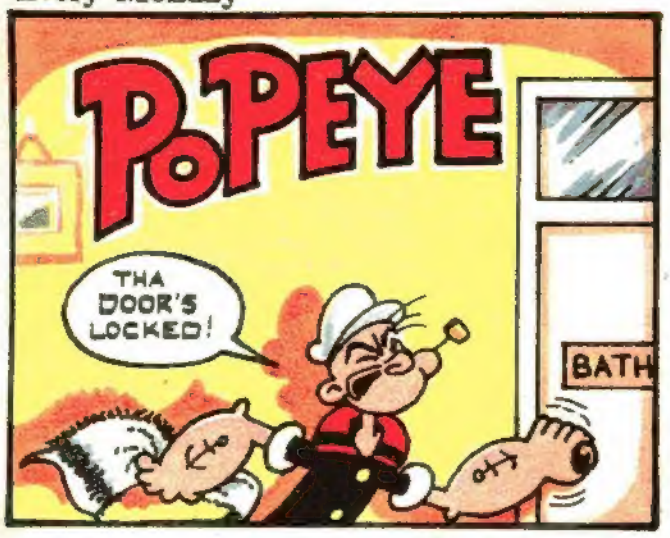
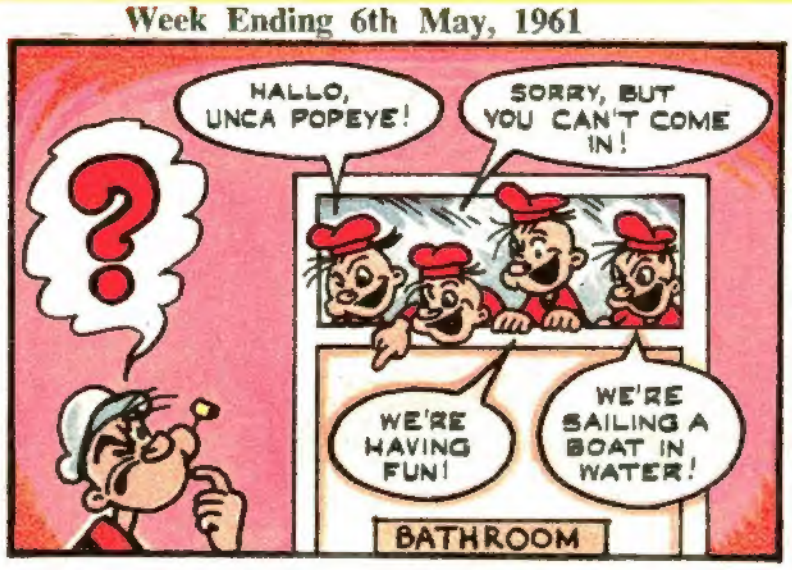
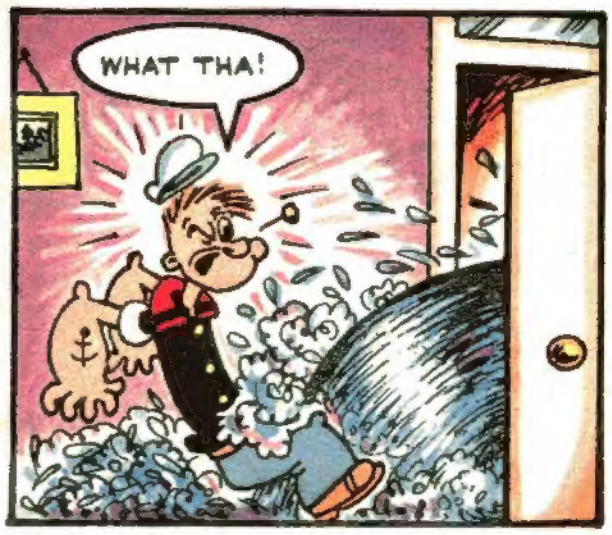
SUPER THRILLS! SUPER ACTION!
TV COMIC
'SUPERCAR'
IN DRAMATIC PICTURES — INSIDE!
4½D
COMPANION TO TV LAND AND TV EXPRESS
Every Monday | Week Ending 6th May, 1961 | Number 490

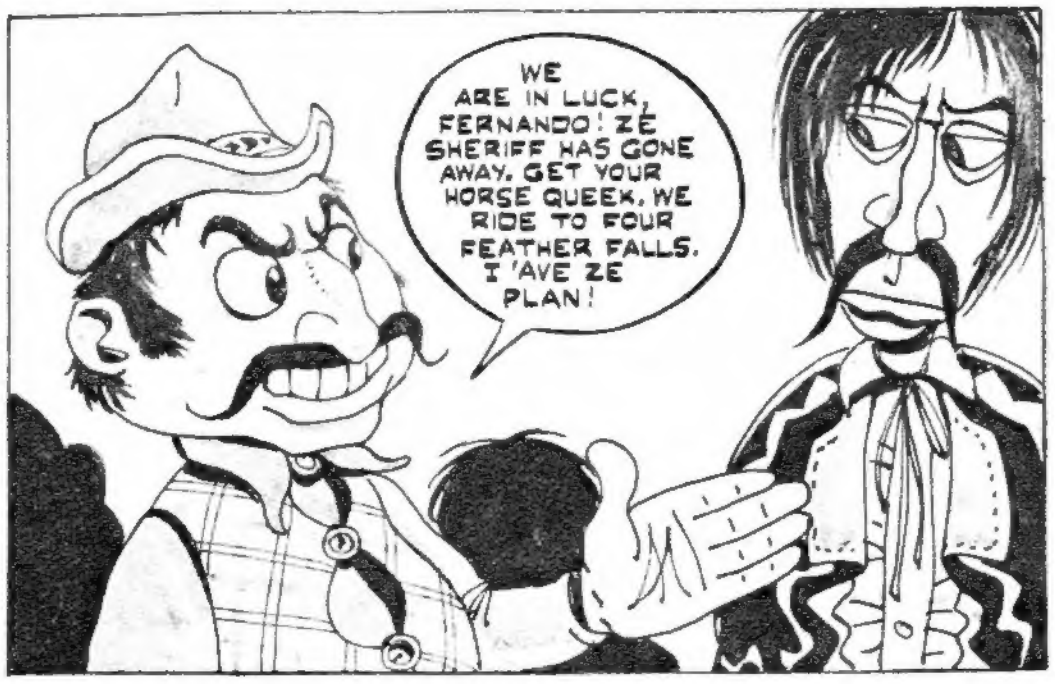


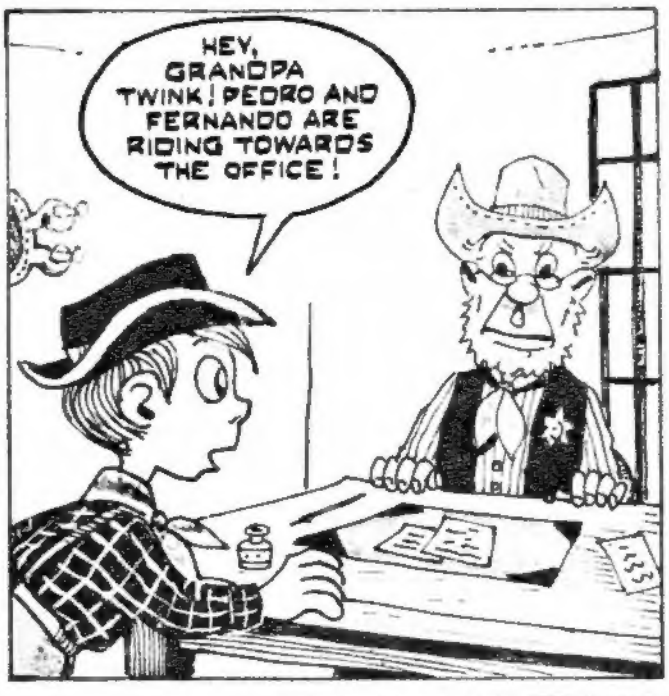




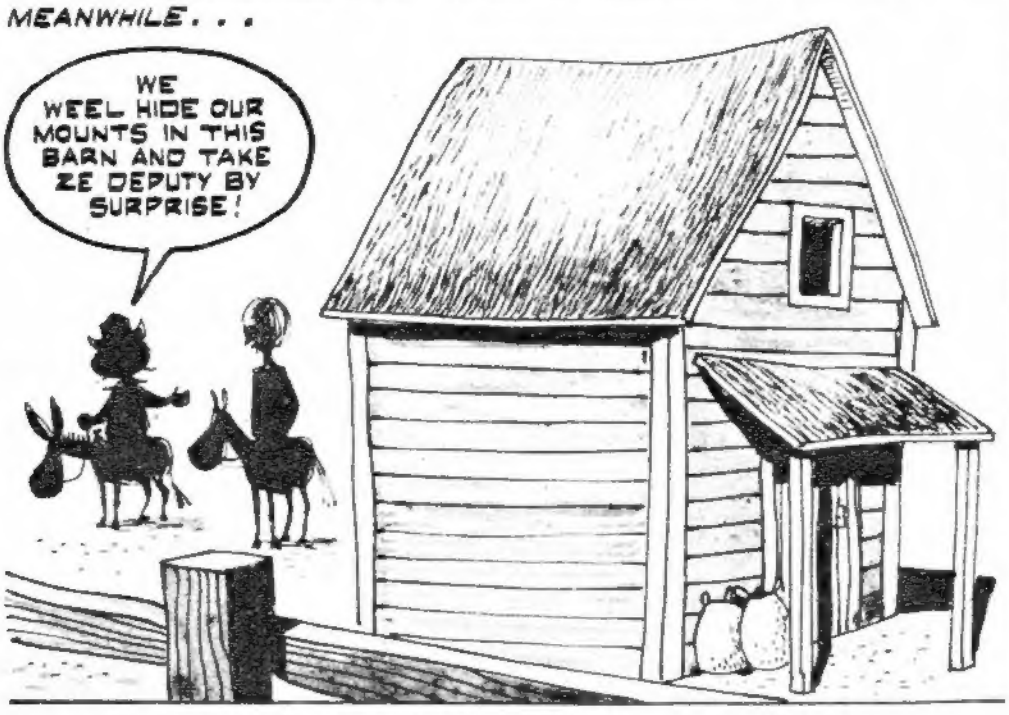
GEE! THAT WAS SUPER FUN!
YOU CAN HAVE THE BATHROOM NOW, UNCA POPEYE!
WE'VE FINISHED WITH IT!
R-R-RIP
© 1961 KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.
CHICK HENDERSON

FOUR FEATHER FALLS





MEANWHILE . . .



Adapted from Granada's Television series "Four Feather Falls."

HERE ARE THE MONEY BAGS FULL OF GRIT, GRANDPA...

PUT 'EM IN THE CELL, JAKE, THEN FETCH SOME MORE.

SOON THE MEXICANS ARRIVED . . .

HAND OVER YOUR BADGE, MEESTER TWINK!

ROBBIN' A DEPUTY IS A MIGHTY SERIOUS OFFENCE, PEDRO!

JUST THEN, JAKE ARRIVED WITH MORE MONEY BAGS FULL OF GRIT.

SHERIFF

COME RIGHT IN, JAKE, AND PUT THE MONEY BAGS WITH THE OTHERS.

JAKE PUSHED PAST THE BANDITS.

HE PUT THE BAGS UNDER THE WOODEN BUNK.

AB

THE MEXICANS COULDN'T FOLLOW JAKE INTO THE CELL QUICK ENOUGH...

MONEY! COME AND GET IT, FERNANDO!

HEY, JAKE!

JAKE SLIPPED OUT AND TWINK SLAMMED THE CELL DOOR...

NOW SLING OUT YOUR GUNS IF YOU WANT ANY FOOD WHILE TEX IS AWAY!

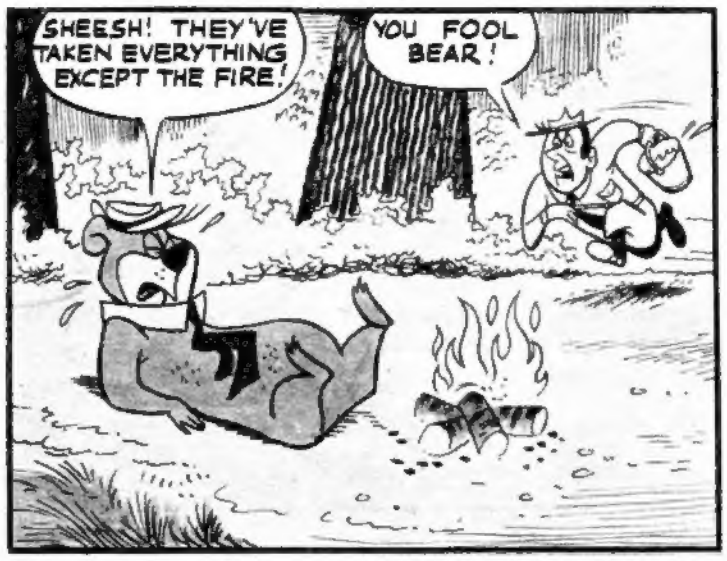
TWO DAYS LATER, TEX RETURNED...

BEG TO HAND OVER YOUR BADGE, TEX...TOGETHER WITH TWO PRISONERS!

NEVILLE MAIN

Another Four Feather Falls adventure next week!

Hanna-Barbera's YOGI BEAR



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Hanna-Barbera's

Huckleberry Hound

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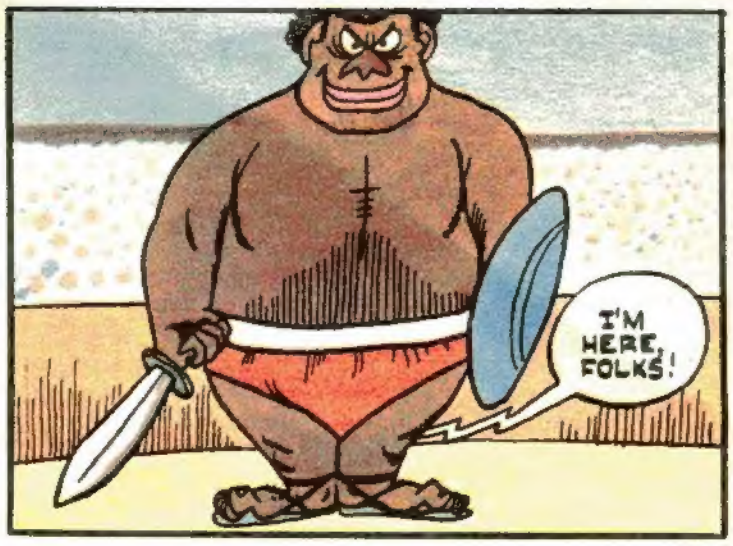
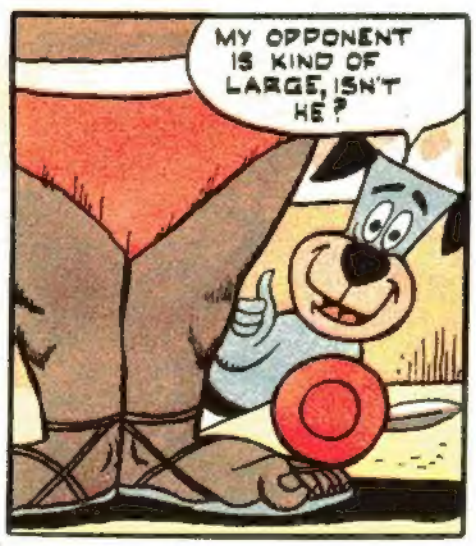
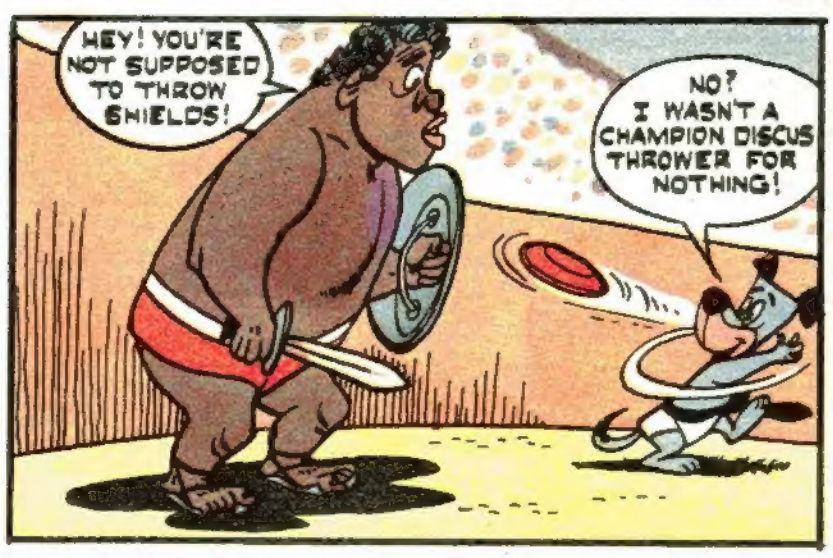
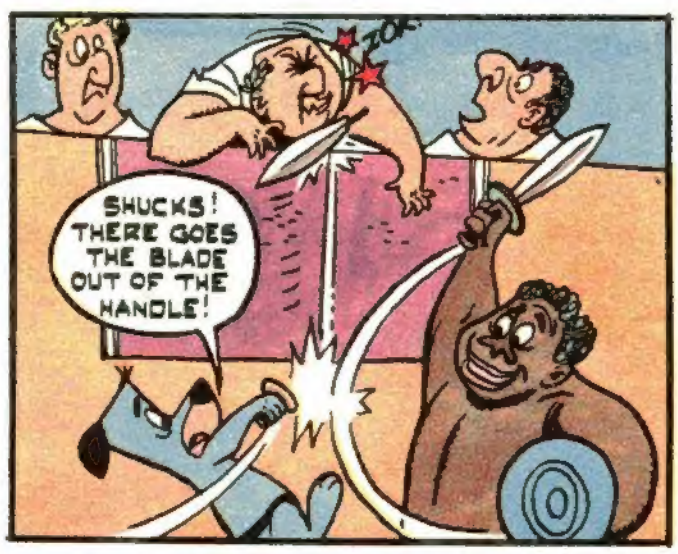
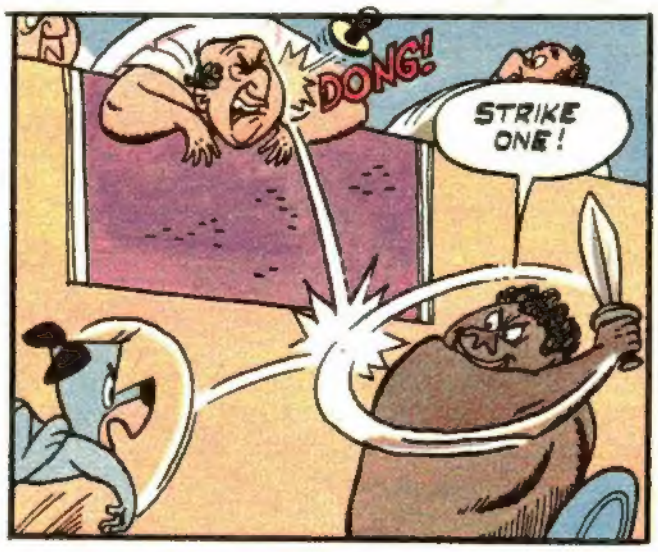




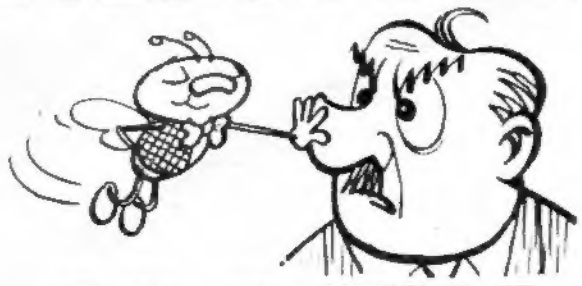


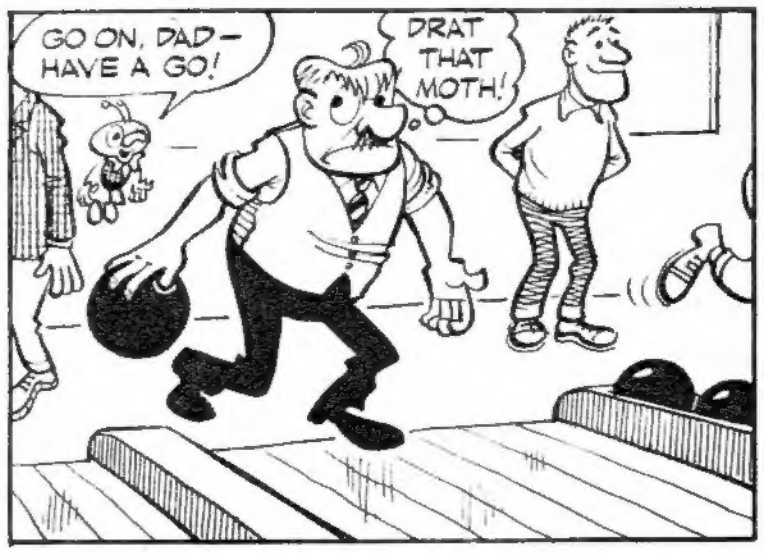


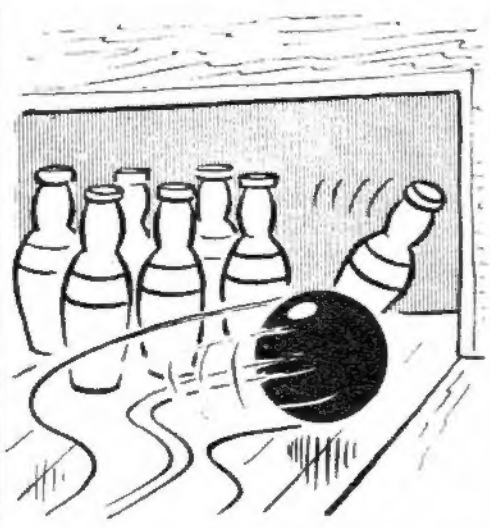


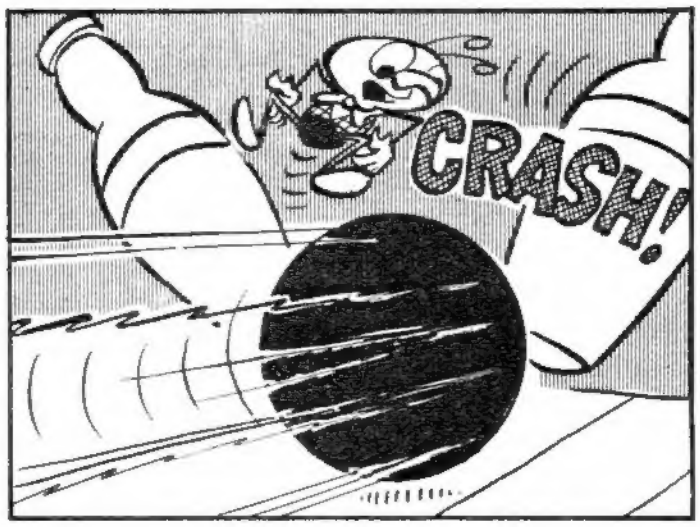
You'll howl with laughter at Huck's antics next week!

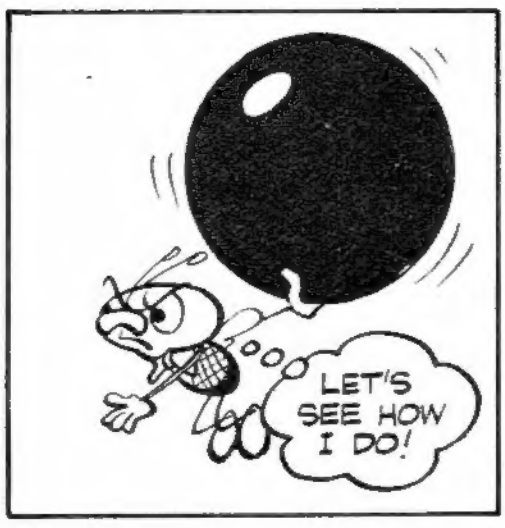
MIGHTY MOTH

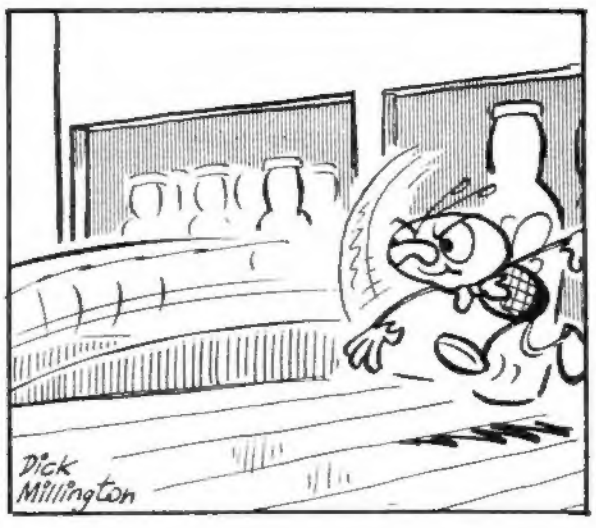


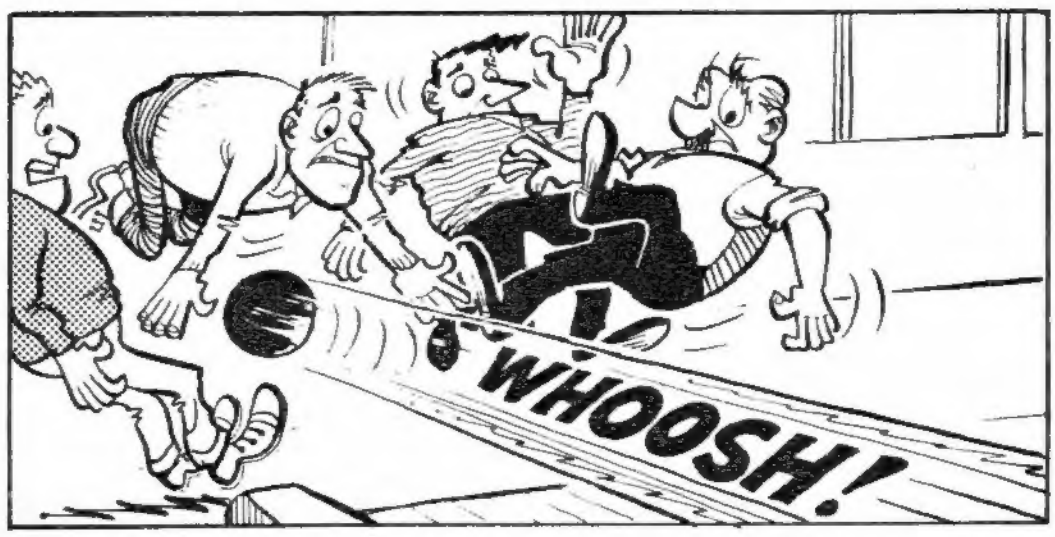












Do not miss a single issue of TV COMIC! Place a regular order NOW!

The LONE RANGER

CHIEF Bear Fang has vowed to rid the northern plains of the whitemen. He has gathered all the tribes of the area in one huge war party and they ambush the cavalry from Fort Laramie. To stop the fight, the Lone Ranger tries to show Bear Fang up before his warriors, but the masked man is knocked senseless.

THE LONE RANGER LEAPT AFTER BEAR FANG...
HERE IS YOUR GREAT LEADER! WHAT USE IS HE TO YOU NOW? GO HOME TO YOUR OWN LANDS... LIVE IN PEACE WITH THE WHITE MEN... THEY WISH YOU NO HARM!

IT WAS DUSK WHEN THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO LEFT THE FORT, HAPPY IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT PEACE HAD BEEN RESTORED...
THERE GOES A GREAT MAN!
HIYO, SILVER ~ AWAY!
NEXT WEEK: A NEW ADVENTURE!

SUPERCAR

It flies through the air at fantastic speeds!

Nothing can beat it over road or country!

On or under the sea, it is supreme!

MASTERSPY and Zarin have gained entry into the Karmara Research Station in the Great Australian Desert. They gaze down on the new British atom powered fighter . . .

QUICK~ DOWN! SOMEONE'S COMING!

ARE YOU READY FOR THE FINAL TEST FLIGHT, PILOT?

YES, SIR. CONTROL IS WAITING FOR ME TO TAXI OUT.

RAF

WHAT'S TO STOP US STEALING THE AIRCRAFT ITSELF INSTEAD OF THE PLANS, GALLAHER?

NOTHING, MASTERSPY. . . I'VE STUDIED THE CONTROLS. . .

THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT PILOT AND THE SCIENTIST!

Meanwhile, Supercar was on its way to the research station after a call from one of the scientists who had recognised Masterspy.

SHALL WE TEST THE NEW BOOSTER ROCKETS YOU FITTED, DR. BEAKER?

BY ALL MEANS, MIKE...

Based on the A.P. Films Ltd., and Associated Television Ltd., series "Supercar."

THE ROCKETS IGNITED, AND . . .

BOOSTER ROCKETS

IT'S GREAT, DR. BEAKER . . . WITH THE ROCKETS, WE'VE ADDED ANOTHER FIVE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR TO SUPERCAR!

YES, PILOT . . . AH . . . MOST SATISFACTORY!

SUPER CAR

AT THE RESEARCH STATION . . .

GOOD! WE WILL LEAVE AUSTRALIA FAR BEHIND!

THE DOORS WILL SOON BE OPEN, MASTERSPY.

0,170 ANGER

OPERATING THE MOVABLE FINS, GALLAHER TAXIED THE SLEEK CRAFT OUT OF THE HANGAR . . .

TEST PILOT TO CONTROL. REQUEST PERMISSION TO TAKE OFF!

B-L11

A. RUNWAY CLEAR

WITH A MIGHTY ROAR THAT DESCENDED TO A SHRILL SCREAM, THE ATOMIC FIGHTER TOOK OFF . . .

B-L11

WHAT'S THAT? I'VE NEVER SEEN AN AIRCRAFT LIKE IT BEFORE!

RAF

OH, NO! IT'S THE INFERNAL SUPERCAR!

WITH FINS SWEPT BACK, THE ATOMIC FIGHTER CLOSED IN . . .

THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO DESTROY SUPERCAR . . . WITH THE ROCKET POWERED CANNONS!

B-L11

T-WATTS.

Next week, SUPERCAR crashes! Do not miss the thrills!

ON THE TRAIL with Grahame Dangerfield

The famous television naturalist has promised to give Ann Akeroyd and John Flowerdew a surprise!

Magnificent Sight

AS I searched the field with my field glasses, I could not spot what I had hoped to see. I was looking for some Lapwings, or Plovers as they are sometimes called, because I very much wanted to show Ann and John their nests. This was the surprise I had in mind for them.

There was another field on the far side of a wood, and I decided that we might as well go through the wood as I wanted to look up a gamekeeper friend of mine.

We soon reached the wood which was a mass of bluebells. They really were a magnificent sight, the whole wood was blue.

We walked along an old bridle path and disturbed a family of Grey Squirrels. Mother Squirrel was soon out of the way, but her four young found it rather hard to get up the trees so quickly. One in fact fell to the ground, but it did not hurt itself, and succeeded in climbing the tree after another attempt.

Utter Delight

MOVING on through the wood again, we very soon reached the keeper's house. I knocked on the door, and he came out. His face lit up when he saw me.

"Just the man I wanted to see," he said. "I've got a surprise for you."

"I hope it doesn't turn out like our surprise," said John. I just laughed and told him to be patient. Then I asked the keeper what he had to show me. There was a twinkle in his eye, so I realised that he had something that he knew I would want very much.

He winked at the two children and walked back into the house. He came out again carrying a sack.

Simba, the author's dog, walks along with Ann, John and Grahame.

All keepers seem to put into a sack any animal they may find. Chuckling to himself, he walked away from the house into the sun and tipped the sack upside down on the grass.

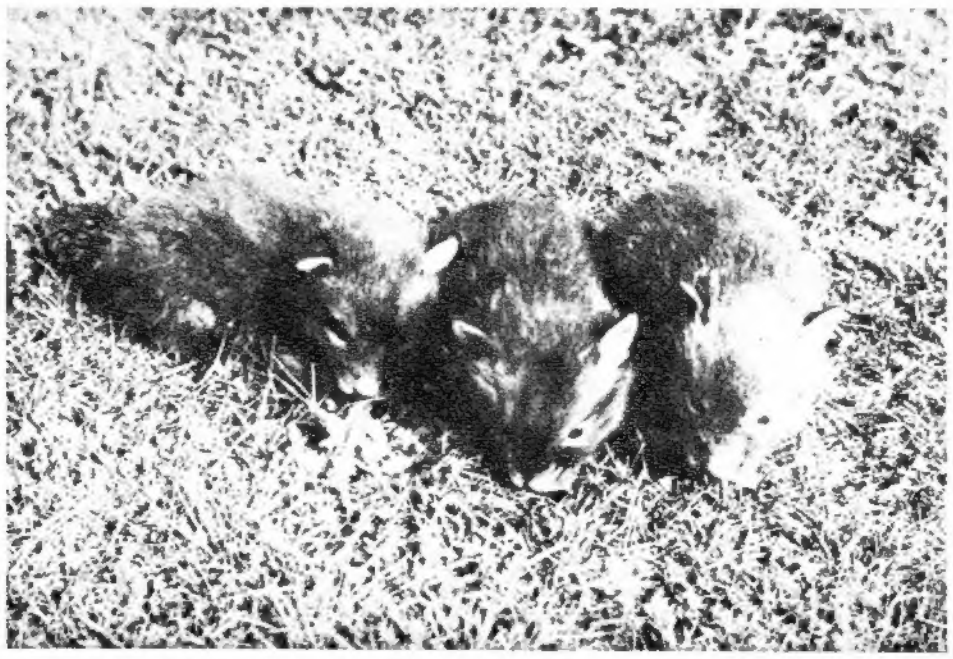
There, to my utter delight, were three Fox cubs. They were only about five or six weeks old.

"Well, that's absolutely splendid," I said, "but they're a late litter, aren't they?"

"That they are," said the keeper. "In fact, one of the latest litters I can ever remember finding."

We chatted about them for a bit, and Ann and John thought they were lovely. Then the keeper said he must be getting on with his work so we said farewell.

Feeling very happy about everything, we continued on our way, but we left the sack behind, and carried a cub each. At this age they are not the ginger colour of an adult Fox but are very dark, almost black.



The three baby Fox cubs given to the author by the gamekeeper.

Vicious Teeth

THEY looked a bit sleepy, due to the fact that they had been used to a dark underground home, and no doubt the bright sun was a little too much for them.

They had vicious looking teeth even at this age, and they were probably just starting to eat solid food, but they were also still dependent on their mother's milk.

This meant that I would have to hand-rear them for a while. I am well used to doing that sort of thing, so I was not unduly worried.

Ann and John by this time had completely forgotten about my promised surprise. We had now reached the edge of the other ploughed field, and, giving my Fox cub to John to hold, I once again scanned the field with my glasses.

This time I had success. There in the middle of the field was a Lapwing sitting on her nest.

Lapwings do not build nests really, but just make scrapes in the ground where they lay their eggs. It is easy to tell when they are sitting on eggs as they look rather contented with life.

Telegram

I LOOKED at Ann and John and they looked at me. Saying nothing, I walked across the field. As soon as the Lapwing saw me coming she flew off the nest, and hovered in the air, giving out her clear call, "peewit, peewit, peewit." Because of this cry, some country people call the Lapwing a Peewit. The nests are very difficult to find, so I kept the place from which the bird flew marked with my eyes. Looking straight ahead, I walked towards it. Ann and John were right behind me.

Suddenly I saw the eggs, and I stopped. The Lapwing's eggs are very cleverly marked so that they do not show up at all. I pointed the eggs out to the children and they were amazed, I think they thought this surprise was well worth waiting for all this time.

A Lapwing's nest with its lovely eggs.

We then walked back to the car, and drove home with the cubs which still seemed quite well and happy.

When I reached home, I opened the front door and there was a telegram.

"I wonder what this is all about?" I said with a frown.

(Do not miss 'On the Trail' in next week's TV COMIC!)

THE BAKERS' DOZEN

DAD BAKER AGE UNKNOWN · MUM BAKER NOT SO OLD AS DAD · NANCY 12 YRS · HERBERT 11 YRS · FRECKLES 10 YRS · SUSY 9 YRS · LANKY 8 YRS · BILLY 7 YRS · JILL AND JACK TWINS - BOTH 5 · "TOOFY" 2 YRS. · "BARKER" 5 YRS · "WHISKERS" 9 LIVES · SIR EDWARD 30 YRS.

AW, MUM, WHY CAN'T ME GO TO SCHOOL TOO? ME'S LONELY ALL DAY!

YOU MUST BE FIVE YEARS OLD, TOOFY — NOW GO AND PLAY IN THE GARDEN!

HUH! ME'S NOT OLD 'NUFF FOR NOTHIN'!

SAY — LOOK AT THAT LITTLE GUY!

YEAH. HE'S THE LITTLE FELLOW WE NEED!

HE'S JUST WHAT WE WANT FOR A FILM WE'RE MAKING — BRING HIM TO THE STUDIO AT TWO O'CLOCK!

TOOFY? GOODNESS! YES I'LL BRING HIM!

OBOY, OBOYS — ME'S GOING TO BE FILM STAR!

MAYBE ME'LL BE A TOUGH COWBOY...

RAT TAT TAT TAT

OR A GANSTER...

OR A GREAT LOVER...

ME WILL BE FAMOUS. HAVE LOTS AND LOTS OF MONEY.

HERE WE ARE, TOOFY. NOW BE A GOOD BOY!

GOOD BOY! ME'S A FILM STAR!

COME ON, TOOFY. WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU!

WHAT ME GOING TO BE — COWBOY? PIRATE? GANGSTER?

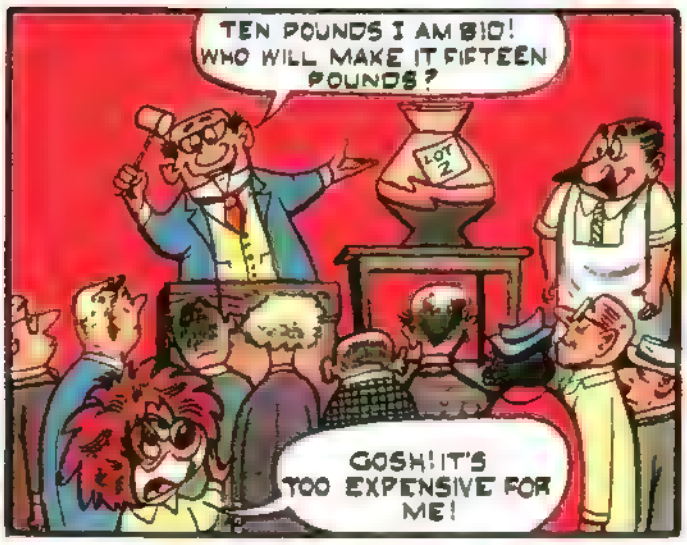
HA! HA! HA! YOU'RE A REAL COMIC KID!

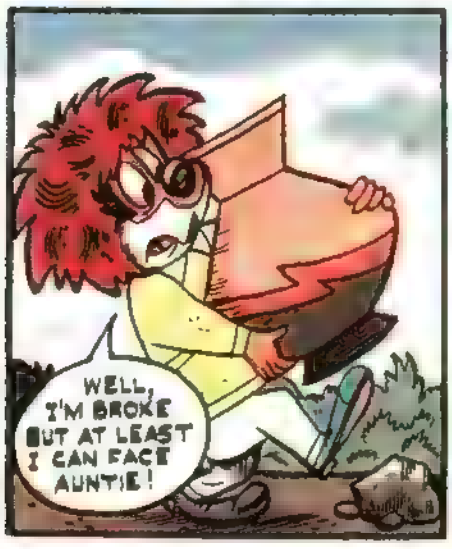
SPARE MY BABY!

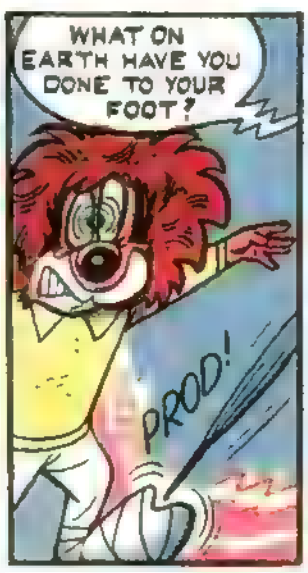
BAH! JUST A BABY PART!

For fun and thrills TV COMIC is best!

Terry Hall's LENNY the LION







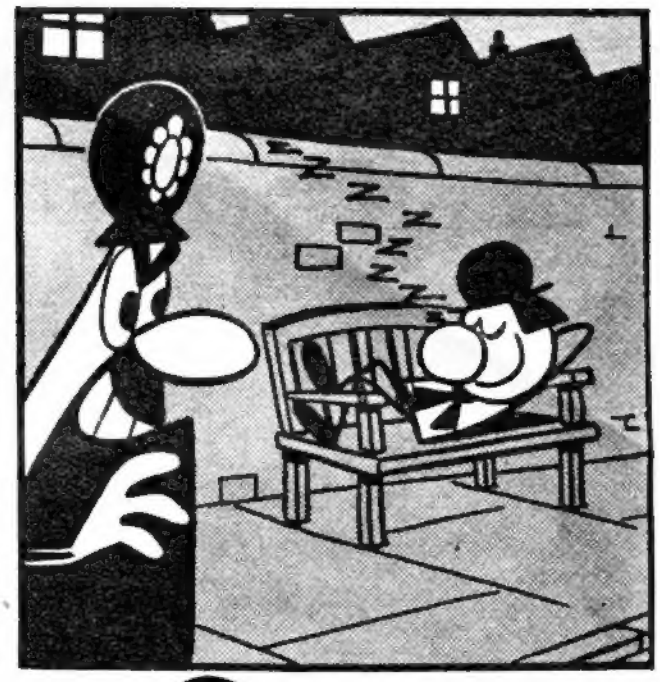
More Lenny-laughs next week!

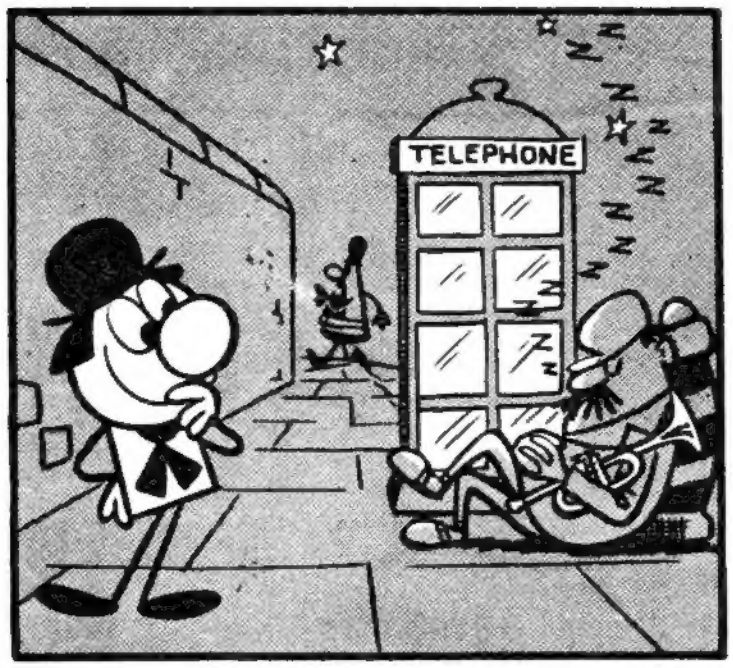
FOO FOO

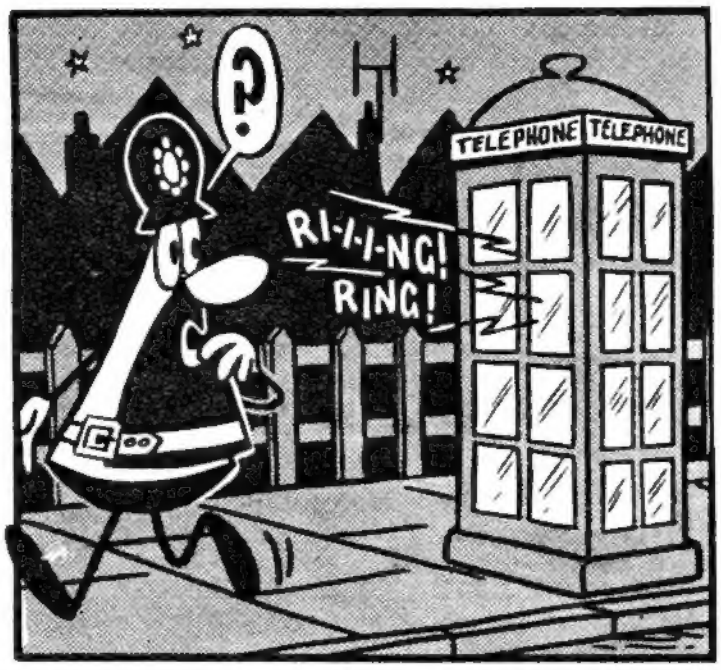
with GOGO in

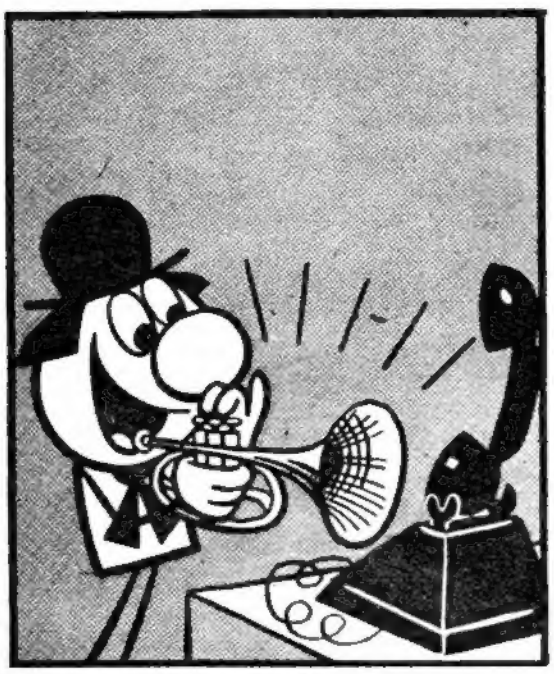
The Policeman

by Halas & Batchelor









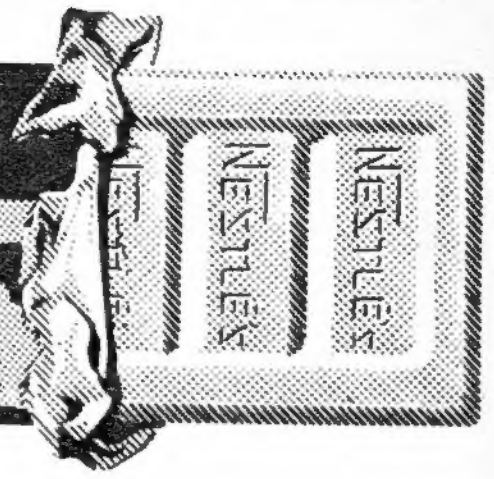
Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo".

Next week: Fishy Business!

NESTLÉ'S

milky bar

MADE WITH FULL CREAM MILK

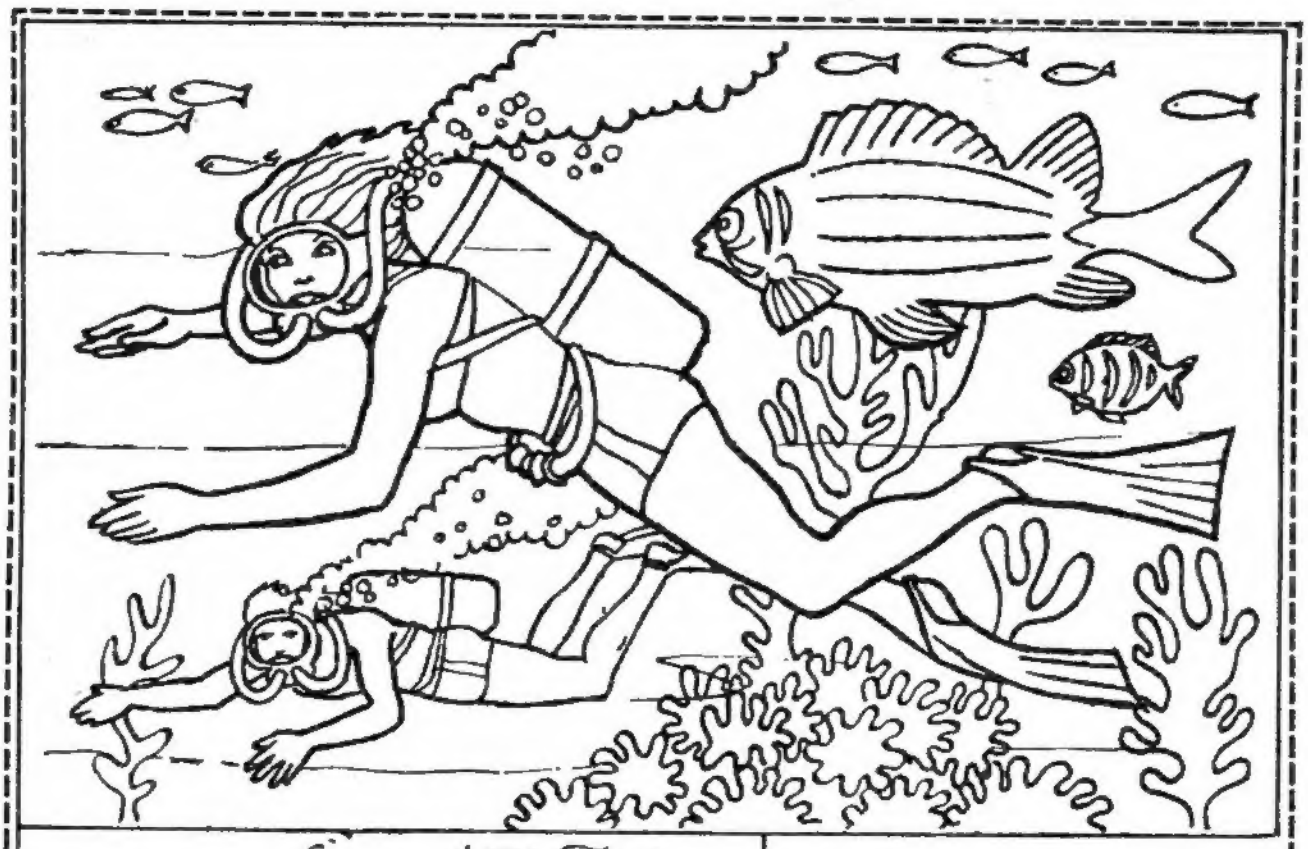


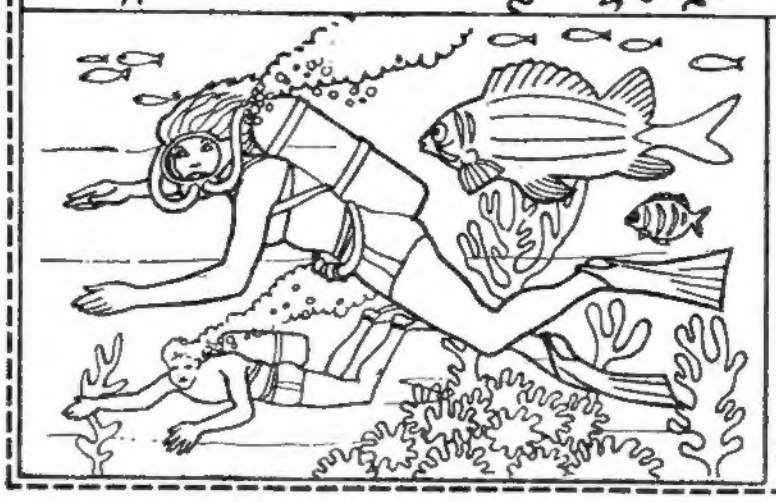
Find the Fault COMPETITION

Six new EKCO record players to be won!

ALSO 100 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE

There is something wrong in the smaller picture—a deliberate mistake. Spot the mistake and mark it on the picture. Then colour the larger picture with paint or crayon. Complete the form and send it plus one wrapper from a 6d. Milky Bar (or two wrappers from 3d. Milky Bars) to the address below. Competitors from Eire send one Milky Bar wrapper.





ENTRY FORM

Post to:
Nestlé's Milky Bar Competition, Dept. V.9, 317 High Holborn, London, W.C.99

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

_____

_____ AGE_____

H856

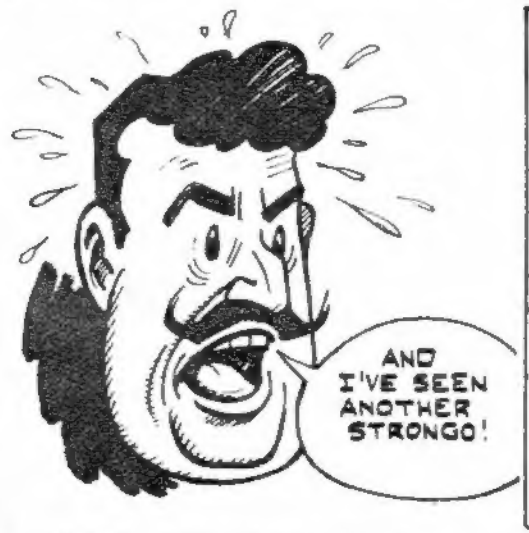
Read the Rules Carefully

1. Entries must arrive not later than May 31st, and cannot subsequently be returned to competitors.
2. Entrants must be residents of Great Britain, Northern Ireland, Eire or the Channel Islands.
3. Children of the employees of the Nestlé Company Ltd., or their advertising agents are not eligible to compete.
4. Prizes will be awarded for the best colouring of the picture in the following age groups:—(*a*) aged 8 and under. (*b*) aged 9 or 10. (*c*) aged 11 to 15.
5. There will be two winners in every group who will each be given a new record player or cash equivalent.
6. 100 Consolation prizes of Nestlé's Chocolate will be awarded to the runners-up.
7. Winners will be notified by post, and results may be obtained from the Nestlé Co. Ltd., after June 15th. The judges' decision is final.

GET YOUR NESTLÉ'S MILKY BAR NOW!

Hurray for Milky Bar, the pure creamy-white bar with the chocolatey flavour. Super!

COCO the CLOWN



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The Secret Sign of the Ladybird Adventure Club

18

You too will be a member if you wear Ladybird clothes — like 6 million other boys and girls all over the world.

1. The Ladybird Adventurers and the Rajah's troops have forced the natives to surrender.

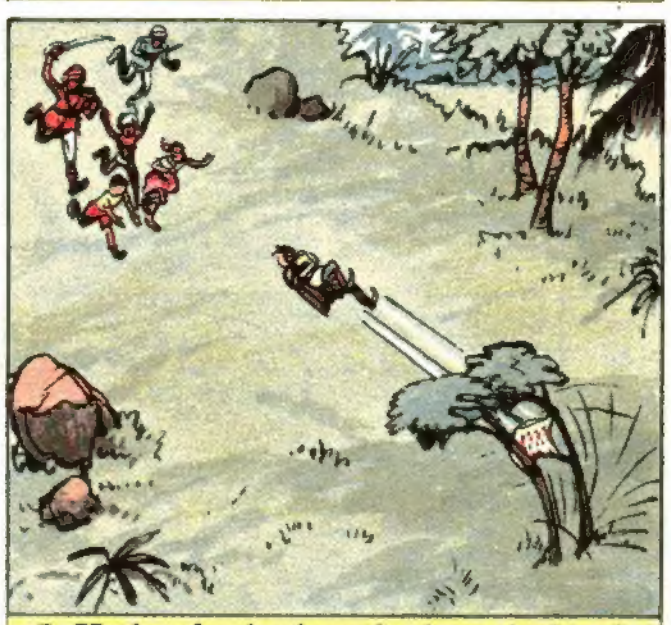
2. But the chief has escaped with the casket of stolen jewels.

3. Peggy spots him. "Look! There he goes. After him!" she cries.

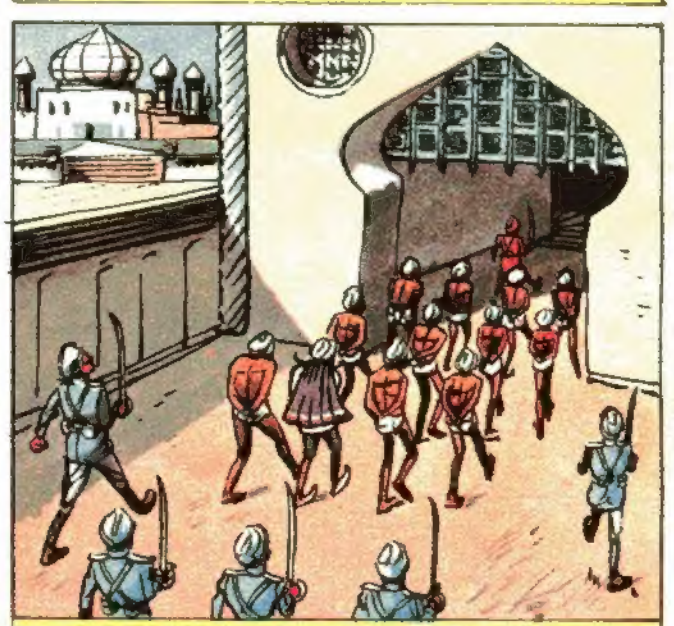
4. They chase after him—but the wily rascal has a very good start.

5. The chief looks back over his shoulder. He is certain he can get away.

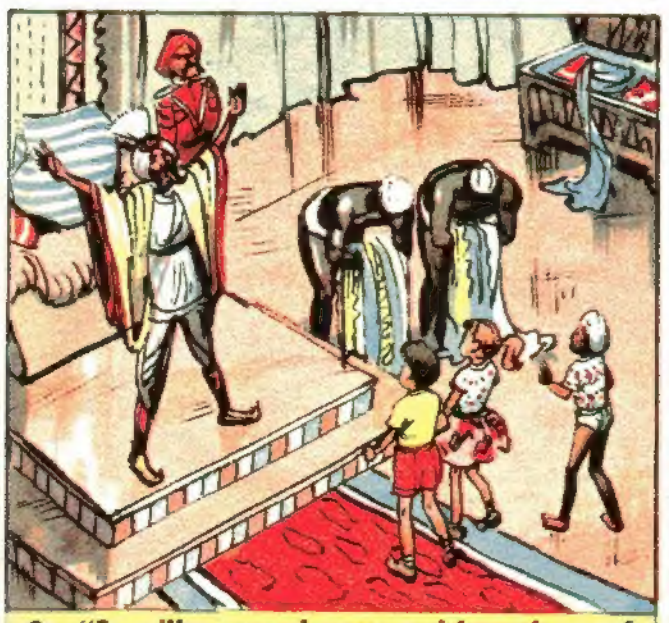
6. Crash! He runs straight into one of the T-Shirts rigged between the trees.



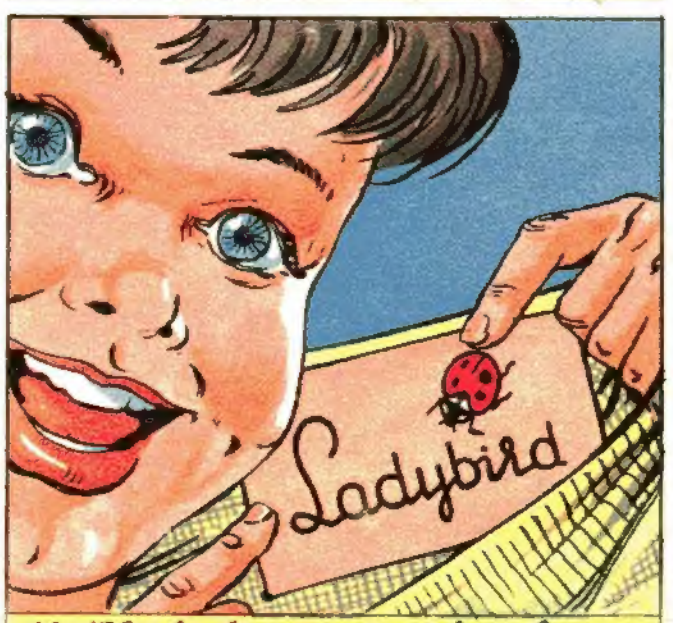
7. He hurtles backwards through the air, straight into the arms of his pursuers.



8. With their wrists bound, the prisoners are escorted into the Palace gaol.



9. "I will reward you with robes of precious silks," says the Rajah.



10. "No thank you, we much prefer our Ladybird clothes," says Peter.

11. "Then," says the Rajah, "please accept Jumbo as a token of my gratitude."